April 1, 1944

- CASEY, PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER -

The Glowing Ghost

by

Alonzo Deen Cole

Script No. 38

CUE: COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM
(..... 30 seconds .....)

CASEY: (COLD) Face the camera, please...hold it!

SOUND: FLASH BULB & SHUTTER CLICK

CASEY: Thanks. (FADING) You'll see it in the Morning Express.

ANNC'R: The Adventures of Casey— PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER!

MUSIC: UP...THEN UNDER & BACK

ANNC'R: Columbia brings you another adventure of CASEY, PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER. Tonight, and every Saturday at this time, Columbia invites you to follow Casey on his exciting assignments and to meet the strangely assorted people who pass in swift moving parade before the shutters of his camera. Tonight— (ORGAN EFFECT) — "Casey and— the Glowing GHOST!"

MUSIC: OVERTURE TO DRAMA...UNDER FOR:

ANNC'R: The bar of the Blue Note Café, favorite rendezvous of Casey, Ann Williams and many others who work on the Morning Express, is usually a busy place...but at this hour of the afternoon, the normal after-luncheon highball drinker has had enough and the normal before-dinner cocktail addict hasn't started to begin. So-O— if it weren't for the presence of a single persistent patron, Ethelbert, the bartender, would be comfortably alone (FADING) and comfortably unbothered—

MAN: (THE FAMILIAR, WOOZY, NONDESCRIPT TELLER-OF-TROUBLES...FADING ON AS ANNOUNCER FADES OUT) You 'gree with me, dont y', Ethelbert?— I was abs'lootly right, wa'n't I??

ETH: (BORED) Sure y' was, pal. (SLIGHT FADE) 'Scuse me, I gotta polish some glasses—

MAN: Wait a minute!!— don' go 'way!

ETH: Lissen, friend, I gotta—

MAN: You ARE my fr'en, aint ya??

ETH: Sure, I am, but—

MAN: Then, lishen:— I says to the boss...right to HIS FACE, I shays it: "Mr. Qualmelshausen"— I shays —"if you don' want me workin' in your joint, there'sh plenty of guys who DO want me!" THAT'SH whst I says to the boss when I QUIT!

ETH: (WEARILY) You was certainly tellin' him. (ATTEMPTS FADE) Now, I—

MAN: WAIT a minute!! Thish was the BOSS I wash talkin' to! "Mr. Qualmelhausen," —I says...and I says it right our LOUD——!

ETH: I know— quote: "If you dont want me workin; in your joint, there's plenty guys DO want me"— unquote.

MAN: How did YOU KNOW??

ETH: You'd already mentioned it— (ATTEMPTS FADE) —twenty times——

MAN: WAIT a minute...don' go 'way——!!!

CASEY: (HALF OFF) Hi', Ethelbert—!

ANN: (HALF OFF) Service, Ethelbert—!

ETH: (DELIGHTED) Casey!— Miss Williams!! I didn't see you come in!

MAN: (FADING) Wait a minute, Ethelbert— don' go——!

ETH: (FIRMLY) Friend, when m customers call me, I cant let even a int'resting story like your's keep me from my dooty. (LOW, WITH A SIGH OF RELIEF) Casey— was I glad to see you and Miss Williams!— that lush has been talkin' my ear off.

CASEY: (CHUCKLES) Telling you his troubles?

ETH: Over and over...and over.

ANN: (CHUCKLES) That's what bartender's ears are for.

ETH: ~~I guess so.~~ (SIGHS) But I do it for such a lotta hours every day, Miss Williams...sometimes I almost wisht I'd gone inta another perfession. Want'll you two have— outside of Casey's usual rye?

ANN: Short beer for me.

ETH: Okay. (SLIGHT FADE,WITH A SIGH) Yes,sir...maybe I'd been happier in your kinda job,for instance.

CASEY: Think you'd like to be a newspaper guy,Ethelbert?

ETH: (SLIGHTLY OFF) Sometimes I think I would. YOU get around... YOU see things,Casey. Here am I,workin' back of a bar,day in-day out— (FADING ON) —gettin' no more excitement than listen-in' to some guy tell how he told his boss where to go...or how he'd <u>like</u> to tell his mother-in-law where to go. Here's your drinks. (DEEP SIGH) Y'know— sometime's I'd just like t'-- GET AWAY FROM IT ALL.

ANN: Quote— unquote.

ETH: Huh?

CASEY: (CHUCKLES) Ann— Ethelbert sounds as though he needs a vaca-tion.

ANN: He certainly does,Casey.

CASEY: Maybe we should take him along with us tomorrow.

ANN: Say— that'd be SWELL!

CASEY: Tomorrow's your day off,isn't it,Ethelbert?— you <u>could</u> go??

ETH: Yeah,but— (SUSPICIOUSLY) Where you goin'?

ANN: Up to Millerville.

ETH: Millerville?

CASEY: It's a little out-of-the-way village about a hundred miles from here...up in Grasslands County.

ETH: You're goin' to the COUNTRY??

ANN: We're driving there tomorrow afternoon and wont come back 'til next day.

ETH: Would <u>I</u> go for that!! You aint kiddin' about this invite?

CASEY: Of course not!

ANN: We'd love to have you—

ETH: Then you can sure count me in! Honest,I think I'll go nuts if

ETH: (cont'd) I dont get away from behind this bar for while. But how come you're gettin' a day off in the country??

CASEY: We're not getting any day off...we'll be working, as usual.

ANN: But our assignment sounds like a lot of fun, Ethelbert...you can follow it up with us.

ETH: (SUSPICIOUSLY) Wait a minute. You're not investigatin' one of them robb'ries- or murders...where some guy's liable to start shootin'?

CASEY: (CHUCKLES) Nothing like that. This is one of those simple, easy, pushover jobs, Ethelbert— a boiler-plate feature for the Sunday edition...all we're going to do——

ANN: —is investigate—

CASEY: —a HAUNTED HOUSE.

ETH: (PAUSE/ ...SOFTLY) A- a haunted house?

CASEY: Yeah.

ANN: There's an old place up in Millerville that— well, for the last 70 or 80 years, it's had a spooky reputation...we dont know any of the details about it yet, but— about a week ago, it got into the news because some people from this town had a scare there——

ETH: Say, now I remember seein'—! There was just a little squib in your paper...about some folks encounterin' what they thought was a- a ghost.

CASEY: It's a lot of millarkey, of course...but Miss Williams is going to talk to the natives of Millersville—

ANN: Principally to the Town Constable— its the kind of place where they still have that kind of cops —and we have a letter of introduction to him. Then Casey and I are going to visit the spook house at midnight, and he's going to take pictures of it.

ETH: (PAUSE) At- at midnight?

CASEY: That's the time when haunted houses are supposed to be running on all cylinders. (CONT'D)

CASEY: (cont'd) We're leaving here at 4 tomorrow afternoon, Ethelbert...where'll we pick you up?

ETH: You- uh -are invitin' me to visit this—— haunted house with you...at midnight?

ANN: It'll be fun!

ETH: (PAUSE) Miss Williams, I just remembered I got a previous appointment for tomorrow.

CASEY: Say— you dont <u>believe</u> in ghosts, do you??

ETH: Casey— as my sister, Edna, says— quote: "I dont believe in ghosts...but I keep outa their way and hope they'll keep outa mine" — UNQUOTE.

ANN: Ethelbert, a minute ago, you said you'd like to be in the newspaper business—!

ETH: (FIRMLY) Miss Williams, that was a minute ago.

MAN: (OFF) Hey, Ethelbert— come here...I wanta tell ya——!

ETH: 'Scuse me, Casey and Miss Williams...(FADING)...I gotta friend back here—

MAN: Ethelbert—!

ETH: (HALF OFF) Okay, pal...I'm just dyin' to hear how you told the boss—

MAN: "If YOU dont want me"— I says —"there's plenty guys DO want me!"

ETH: Go on, pal...and continue.

CASEY: (CHUCKLES) Ann— it looks as though we go to Millersville alone.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

ANN: Constable Tucker, all that our paper got from its local correspondent was that several people whose car had broken down in front of that old house saw— Well, it was described as "The ~~Glowing~~ a glowing Ghost."

TUCKER: (ABOUT 60, GENIAL, RURAL TYPE) Them folks was strangers in this neighborhood, Miss Williams— otherwise, they wouldn't have made

(CONT'D)

TUCKER: (cont'd) such a fuss about their experience...(CHUCKLES)...they seed only what folks 'round here has been seein' for a long time. We jest dont pay it no attention.

MRS.T: (A PLEASANT COUNTRY WOMAN OF 55;BUT A LITTLE SHARPER THAN HER HUSBAND) Humph...no one here goes pokin' around that old house, jest the same.

TUCKER: (CHUCKLES) You're right about that, Maw...it's kinda steered-clear-of.

CASEY: Have you or Mrs.Tucker ever seen this- uh -"Glowing Ghost", Constable?

TUCKER: No, we haven't, Mr.Casey...and I've been curious enough to go out to the place a couple times to look for it.

MRS.T: That dont prove it aint there, Dan'l...some folks eyes are jest blind to certain things.

TUCKER: (SKEPTICALLY) Maybe so, but I gave the spook a good chance... once I went out there in the dead of night.

MRS.T: You didn't go <u>inside</u> the house then!

TUCKER: No-o...but you're s'posed to see it from outside— through the windows.

ANN: Will you and Mrs.Tucker tell us all about the place, Constable?

TUCKER: Well— the house was built a year or two after the Civil War by Ike Miller...this town was named after his grandpaw—

MRS.T: They was real old settlers xxxx...the Miller family owned almost everything hereabouts.

TUCKER: That's right. Then, 'cordin' to the story folks tell—

MRS.T: You say that as if it was <u>jest</u> a "story", Dan'l...Our own grandfolks was/xxxx livin' when them things happened and they told us <u>facts</u>.

TUCKER: Yes— they did. And here's what they told us: long about 1869, Ike Miller got himself into the hands of a swindler who

(CONT'D)

TUCKER: (cont'd) took everything Ike had,includin' what was then the new house. Ike knew he'd been robbed and swore this swindler, whose name was Josephs,wouldn't get no joy outa the stolen property...

MRS.T: He did more'n that!— he put a curse on the house,sayin' that,since the Millers couldn't live in it,no one else'd ever be able to.

TUCKER: Uh huh. Then Ike disappeared—

MRS.T: (IMPRESSIVELY) And,less'n a year later,Miss Williams— Josephs was found strangled to death in the house.

TUCKER: Also his wife and his only child...the fam'ly was jest wiped out.

CASEY: This Ike Miller came back and killed em,huh?

TUCKER: That's how some folks figgered,Mr.Casey...but no one ever set eyes on Ike after the day Josephs took over the property— Ike disappeared as if the earth had swallowed him.

MRS.T: 'Cordin' to a lot of folks,he was dead when the Josephs were strangled...it was Ike's ghost who did the killin'.

TUCKER: Anyway— no one wanted to live in the house after that;it jest stood there empty,fallin' to pieces...and,pretty soon,folks begun to claim they'd seed a- a shinin' man walkin' behind its busted windows at night. Some held it was the sperrit of Josephs;some that it was— old Ike. Why the ghost was shiney,no one's ever figured out.

CASEY: But people have actually seen it?

MRS.T: There's no doubt about that,Mr.Casey. My own sister,Hattie, saw it— it like to scared her to death. So did your uncle Alvin see it,Dan'l— and he was a preacher,whose word was as good as his bond.

TUCKER: Even a preacher can make mistakes,Maw.

MRS.T: Humph.

CASEY: You say you haven't been inside the house,Constable.

TUCKER: I said I hadn't been inside at night...I— well,I never saw no need. (RATHER HASTILY) You cant see nothin' in the dark and that old house aint got any lights. But I went all over it in the daytime onct.

MRS.T: (SNIFFS) /You didn't go over it long.

TUCKER: Isaw everything there was to see!

MRS.T: You was in and out,all inside of five minutes!— I know 'cause I was outside in the car awaitin' for you.

TUCKER: I wasn't afeared of nothin' there!— I hadn't no cause to be. (A TRIFLE SHELPISHLY) I— well,there was just a funny smell in the place I didn't like.

CASEY: Smell?

TUCKER: You'll whiff it when you folks go out there tonight,Mr.Casey... that is,if you're really goin' out.

CASEY: We're going,alright— after you give us directions how to get there.

MRS.T. (WORRIED) I wish you and Miss Williams wouldn't go.

ANN: (LAUGHS) Mr.Casey wants to get a picture of "The Glowing Ghost", Mrs.Tucker...and,if he does,we'll have the spook autograph a copy for you.

MRS.T: It's only safe to joke about ghosts when you're not likely to meet one,young lady.

ANN: I'm only afraid we wont be lucky enough to meet—

SOUND: A SHARP CRACK OF DISTANT THUNDER...IT ROLLS AWAY

ANN: (STARTLED) What was that??

TUCKER: Thunder. (SLIGHT FAKE) A storm's comin' up— goin' to be a nasty night.

MRS.T: (SLOWLY,WORRIED) Dan'l,it wa a stormy night last week when them other folks from the city— got their look at the "Glowin' Ghost."

SOUND: DISTANT THUNDER— ROLL ON & CRASH

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: AUTOMOBILE DRIVING THROUGH HEAVY RAIN OVER BUMPY DIRT ROAD— HOLD UNDER. OCCASIONAL THUNDER

CASEY: We sure picked a swell night for this drive, Ann.

ANN: I'll say...it's raining cats, dogs and— tadpoles. I hope we dont get stuck in the mud on this awful road, Casey.

CASEY: So do I.

ANN: (SLIGHT PAUSE) Do you think we'll see anything— strange —at that old house when we get there?

CASEY: Where there's a chicken there must have been an egg, Ann... Outside of the Constable and Mrs. Tucker, besides a lot of Millerville people we talked to seemed to think this shining spook is on the level.

ANN: But it <u>cant</u> be...there are no such things as ghosts!

CASEY: Hmm.

ANN: <u>You</u> dont think there are?

CASEY: Me? Well— I've never met one.

ANN: (PAUSE, GROWING A LITTLE UNEASY) If funny things really happen in that house, why hasn't one of the Psychical Research Societies investigated it? They're always on the look-out for so-called haunted houses.

CASEY: They haven't heard about it, I guess— anymore than we had until a few days ago. Evidently, Millerville hasn't a Chamber of Commerce to properly advertise its attractions...and it must have been pure accident that these people from the city took this old dirt road and saw— what they think they saw. We're way off the main routes here.

ANN: We seem to be— miles away from everywhere.

CASEY: Yeah.

ANN: (UNCOMFORTABLY) It's terribly dark— except when the lightning

(CONT'D)

ANN: (cont'd) flashes...then the big old trees along here look like- like skeletons.

CASEY: (CHUCKLES) You're getting in the mood for spooks, Ann.

ANN: Me?? I haven't the slightest belief in any superstition!

CASEY: Stay that way...there's the house just ahead of us.

ANN: I- I see. (SLIGHT PAUSE: A SLIGHT TREMOR) It's a- a big place.

CASEY: Yeah...must have been a pretty swell country mansion when it was new.

ANN: Now it's all— crumbling apart...it- it looks like a haunted house. (PAUSE) What time is it?

CASEY: Five minutes to twelve...we're getting here just before the orthodox witching hour.

ANN: Yes.

CASEY: Tucker said the original driveway to the house is completely overgrown, so we'll have to park here on the road and walk the rest of the way. Here's as good a spot as any.

SOUND: STOP CAR & CUT MOTOR...CAR DOOR OPENED AT *

ANN: Casey, it's not really necessary for us to go inside the place... we'll get soaking wet in the rain and—

CASEY: I think it'd be crazy for you to leave the car in this weather, but I've got to get some pictures of the inside. You stay here and— (*)

ANN: Stay here alone?? (SHARP CLAP OF THUNDER) Oh, no!!

CASEY: Whatever you say. I'll get a first shot of the place from here ...it'll make a swell picture through this rain.

SOUND: FLASH BULB & SHUTTER CLICK

CASEY: Okay. Come on...let's go.

ANN: Casey, dont you think we should- should wait awhile...to see if we see the— ghost from here?

CASEY: We are supposed to see the thing from outside, if we're lucky.

ANN: Yeah...if we're lucky. (HOPEFULLY) Maybe this isn't one of the nights when it- it walks.

CASEY: There's certainly nothing showing behind these windows now. I wonder if the thing people have seen- and they must have seen something here— if it wasn't some practical joker with a flashlight or a lantern.

ANN: Or it may have been a reflection of some kind— from somewhere.

CASEY: There's nothing tonight that could cause any reflection— except the lights on our car, and they're not pointed at the house. I'll try this flashlight—

ANN: Yes...turn it on the house and see—

CASEY: This thing has a good strong beam, but it doesn't make anything show up at the windows.

ANN: Most of the glass in the windows is broken.

CASEY: Uh huh. Let's go in...if there's anything to be seen, we'll stand a better chance of seeing it inside than out.

ANN: Ye-es. (A SMALL SIGH) Alright.

CASEY: Let me help you...it's muddy going here.

ANN: Thanks.

SOUND: CAR DOOR CLOSED)

CASEY: Maybe I'd better walk a little ahead and sort-of clear a path.

ANN: Okay— (A GASP) Casey...that upper window!

CASEY: (TENSE) I see!

ANN: A man— a SHINING MAN!! He's passing behind the window!!

SOUND: FLASH BULB & SHUTTER CLICK

CASEY: I got a shot of him!

ANN: Now he's gone! (TERRIFIED) What was it we saw?? It wasn't someone carrying a lantern and it wasn't a reflection!

CASEY: No— the whole body glowed...and it looked like a human body!

ANN: What was the thing?? What WAS it????

CASEY: I don't know...but I'm certainly going to find out!

ANN: I can't go inside that place now!

CASEY: I don't want you to...get back in the car and stay there until I look the joint over!

ANN: No!— and you can't go inside,either!

CASEY: Hey,kid— you know there's got to be a natural explanation for this...just a minute ago,you were saving yourself—

ANN: A minute ago,we hadn't seen that thing—!! (PAUSE;ANGRY AT HERSELF) Well,if I'm not acting like a chump! Of course, there's a natural explanation...and I'm not going to be frightened by xxx just a- a funny light! Let's go.

CASEY: I'd rather you'd stay in the car,kid.

ANN: (SHARPLY) I came to this place for a story and I'm going to get it. Come on.

CASEY: Okay.

SOUND: MOVEMENT THROUGH MUD & UNDERGROWTH...HOLD UNDER. AT *,THEY CLIMB ONTO & PROCEED CAUTIOUSLY OVER WOODEN VERANDA— CUT AT **

ANN: (PAUSE...LOSING HER ASSURANCE AGAIN) If- if there <u>are</u> ghosts, Casey,they- they can't hurt anybody...?

CASEY: (RATHER SHORTLY) I haven't any opinions about ghosts,Ann... I haven't had any experience with em. Let me help you onto this veranda (*)...and be careful— some of the boards have rotted away.

ANN: (FEARFULLY) Hold onto my hand...don't let go.

CASEY: Okay,kid. The door's fallen off...we can walk right in.

ANN: Wait. (**) It's so dark inside— swing your flashlight around before we—

CASEY: Yeah. (SLIGHT PAUSE) Nothing in there to bite us...come on.

SOUND: THEIR FOOTSTEPS ON BARE WOODEN FLOOR— ONLY A FEW AT A TIME; CUT AT **,RESUME AT * THROUGHOUT FOLLOWING...SLOWLY FADE RAIN

CASEY: This was once the living room,I guess.

ANN: Casey, that— odor Constable Tucker spoke of...can you smell it?

CASEY: (**) Yeah...sort of mouldy something— a dead air smell. (SLIGHT COUGH) Funny— with most of the doors and windows broken away.

ANN: There's a dryness about it I can almost— taste. (SLIGHT COUGH) It tickles my throat.

CASEY: (COUGHS) Mine, too. (*) There's the stairs— that shining thing was on the floor above— let's go up.

ANN: Wait—! (**) Let's stay down here until I— I get a little more used to the place.

CASEY: Alright. Say— there's a door that isn't open like the others... (?)...let's have a look inside—

ANN: (LOW, SHARPLY) Casey— be still! (**)

CASEY: Huh?

SOUND: A SOFT, EERY EFFECT THAT MIGHT BE GHOSTLY FOOTSTEPS OR MERELY THE CREAKING OF OLD BOARDS...HOLD UNDER & OFF

ANN: Listen.

CASEY: (PAUSE, TENSE) Sounds like— footsteps.

ANN: In this room— Swing your flashlight...to <u>that</u> corner!

CASEY: Nothing there.

SOUND: SHARP CREAKING OF A BOARD AT MIKE— REPEAT AT (I)...CUT PREVIOUS EFFECT

ANN: What was that???

CASEY: I moved— stepped on a loose board that creaked. (RELIEVED) That's the explanation of the footsteps— listen: (I) Every-time we shift our weight (I) on this old floor— (I)

ANN: But the sound didn't come from where we're standing...it—

CASEY: Look at the dust on this floor, Ann— the only prints in it are those we've made...and, in that corner, there are no footprints at all.

ANN: No-o— the sound must have been— just creaking boards.

CASEY: Sure.

ANN: How thick the dust is— in spots it's heaped...like drifted snow.

CASEY: Yeah. (COUGHS) It's probably the dust we small here and— (COUGHS)

ANN: I guess so. (PAUSE) Maybe the footsteps were from the other side of the wall...from behind that closed door.

CASEY: (SLIGHT IRRITABILITY) There weren't any footsteps...(*)...but we'll see—!

ANN: Dont open that door,Casey!

CASEY: Your imagination is getting the best of you,Ann! (**)

ANN: That chining man wasn't imagination!

CASEY: We'll find out about him when we go upstairs! Now—

SOUND: DOOR STICKS AGAINST PRESSURE—— IT FLIES OPEN AT (2)

CASEY: This door's stuck...take this flashlight so I can use both hands on it.

ANN: Alright. Why should that door be closed when everything else is open?

CASEY: Because it just IS. (@) I got it! Come in with the flash-light—

ANN: A SCREAM

CASEY: Good Lord—!!

ANN: A man is lying there!!

CASEY: Hold that light on him while I see—!

ANN: (HYSTERICALLY) He's all crumpled on the floor—!

CASEY: Pull yourself together!

ANN: Casey,is he—??

CASEY: Yes,he's dead.

ANN: What—?

CASEY: I dont know what killed him...I dont see any wound—!

ANN: Take me out of here,Casey...take me out of here!!

CASEY: Okay, kid— come on!

SOUND: DOOR SLAMS SHUT— HARD

ANN: That door—!!

CASEY: Slammed shut! And stuck again—

ANN: (CRIES IN TERROR) Look— above the dead man!!

CASEY: A patch of light!!

ANN: It's growing larger— coming closer...it's a SHINING FACE!!!

SOUND: CRASH OF FLASHLIGHT TO FLOOR

CASEY: Ann, you've dropped the flashlight!!!

ANN: (FADING TO HALF OFF) The face is coming toward me!! Dont let it touch me, Casey—!!

CASEY: (DESPERATELY) I cant find you in the dark! Where are— (A SHARP CRY & THEN A GROAN AS:)

SOUND: BODY FALLS HEAVILY

ANN: Casey— what happened then??? Speak to me, Casey! Answer me!! Where are you?? If you dont answer me, I'll go mad!! The face—! The face is coming closer— closer— CLOSER—!!! (A SCREAM——BIG

MUSIC: BRIDGE

ANN: (WEAKLY) And that's the last thing I remember, Mrs. Tucker, until I- I came to here in your house...that ghastly shining face in front of me— almost touching me— I guess I- I just passed out from fright.

MRS.T: (GENTLY) You're alright now, Miss Williams...alright now.

CASEY: (WEAKLY) I kind-of put you in a spot...and then left you there, didn't I, Ann.

ANN: It wasn't your fault, Casey.

TUCKER: Just what happened to you, Mr. Casey?

CASEY: I stumbled over something, Constable— that dead man's body, I think...and this bump on my head tells me I hit something hard when I went down. That's all I remember until I woke up here a few minutes ago with the Doc here working over me.

DOCTOR: (A GENTLE OLD MAN) The lump on your head and Miss William's— uh —fainting doesn't account for your being unconscious for nearly seven hours, Mr. Casey.

CASEY: (PAUSE) What does account for that, Doctor?

DOCTOR: You both displayed every indication of partial ~~xxx~~ suffocation... slow strangulation.

CASEY: Strangulation?

DOCTOR: Yes. If you'd been left in that house a few hours longer, I think you'd have been as dead as the fellow found beside you.

CASEY: He— was strangled?

DOCTOR: According to everything I know...although I could find no pressure marks on the outside of his throat.

MRS.T: (LOW.FEARFUL) Ghostly hands would leave no mark.

ANN: Casey—

CASEY: (PAUSE) How long had that fellow been dead, Doctor?

DOCTOR: About a week, I figure.

CASEY: Do you know who he is?

DOCTOR: He's a stranger to Tucker and me.

TUCKER: We think he was a hobo who took shelter in the old house, not knowin' its reputation.

ANN: Constable, if you hadn't come looking for Casey and me—

MRS.T: Dan't and I couldn't sleep thinkin' about you two goin' to that place, Miss Williams...and at the first crack of dawn he started out there— well, to see.

CASEY: There's no use trying to tell you that we're pretty thankful.

TUCKER: Maw and me is thankful, too.

CASEY: (PAUSE) You didn't see any shining face in the room where you found us?

TUCKER: No. It was broad daylight then...and I guess the old idea is a right one— ghosts only work in the dark. I- I never really believed that old house was haunted...until now.

CASEY: What do you believe, Doctor— that Miss Williams and I saw a ghost...that a ghost killed that man we found there and nearly killed us?

DOCTOR: (TROUBLED) As a physician, I find it hard to believe such a thing, Mr. Casey.

CASEY: (GRIMLY) As just a plain guy, I find it hard to believe, too.

ANN: Casey, we had proof—

CASEY: We didn't have proof, Ann...just some circumstantial evidence that I'm going to try to beat! If I dont, you and I'll have nightmares for the rest of our lives!

ANN: How can you—?

CASEY: I dont know, but— (PAUSE, VERY THOUGHTFULLY) Constable, you said it was a rainy night last week when those other people saw the ghost behind those windows.

TUCKER: Yes.

CASEY: When you were out there at night and didn't see any "ghost", was the weather dry?

TUCKER: (PUZZLED) Yes.

CASEY: Everybody doesn't see the thing...and it's only seen occasionally — that right?

TUCKER: Yes, but—

CASEY: Has anybody ever seen it in dry weather??

TUCKER: Why— I dont know.

DOCTOR: What are you driving at, Mr. Casey?

CASEY: (RAPIDLY, HALF TO HIMSELF) Things that shine— suffocation— wet weather—!! ((DIRECTLY) I've got a hunch, Doc...and I'm paying another visit to that house this afternoon!

DOCTOR: Look here, young man— you're in no condition—!

CASEY: I'll only stay in the place a minute...just long enough to get something I want to take back to the city with me.

TUCKER: What??

CASEY: I'll tell all of you later— when I come back here in about a week to give that old joint a real going over! Then, if my hunch is a right one, we'll rub the shine off your "Glowing Ghost".

MUSIC: BRIDGE

PROF: (GENTLE, MIDDLE-AGED, SLIGHT FOREIGN ACCENT) The specimen you left with me proved very interesting, Casey.

CASEY: How did it show up when you analyzed it, Professor?

PROF: You had made an excellent guess as to its true character.

CASEY: I wouldn't have been able to make any guess if you hadn't explained a lot of your work to me when the paper sent me to take pictures of your lab last year.

PROF: (CHUCKLES) Apparently, my explanations were remembered by you ...I cannot always say that for some of my pupils.

CASEY: I'd like some more explanations now, Professor— about a lot of things you know. I want to take em back to Millerville and— act as though I was quite a scientific guy.

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: AUTOMOBILE & LIGHT RAIN— HOLD UNDER. OCCASIONAL DISTANT THUNDER

TUCKER: (WORRIED) Are you <u>sure</u> we're takin' no chance in goin' out to that old house tonight, Mr. Casey?

CASEY: (COCKILY) I'll give you odds of ten to one on it, Constable.

ANN: (WORRIED) You've been sure of things before that didn't turn out so good.

CASEY: That's when I was young and foolish, Annie. (AIRILY) Oh, I'll admit there's a <u>few</u> things about this "ghost", I haven't doped out yet—

ANN: Oh, oh!

CASEY: But they're just minor details.

ANN: At a lynching party, you'd call the rope just a "minor detail"!

CASEY: Dont be like that. You invited yourself on this little trip, you know— and so did Constable Tucker.

ANN: You said you could prove that what happened to us— didn't happen as we thought it did. I've got to see proof, Casey... so I'll stop being afraid of the dark.

TUCKER: I feel the same way, Miss Williams. (PAUSE, HUSHED) There's the old house.

ANN: (HUSHED, FEARFUL) It looks just as- as horrible as it did when we came here last week...we're seeing it through the rain as we did then and—

CASEY: I wanted things the same, Ann...I've already told you that wet weather is the whole basis of my- uh -hunch. It's the only time when most of the things that happened could happen.

ANN: But why?

CASEY: I'll tell you— as I show you.

SOUND: CAR STOPS, MOTOR CUT...CAR DOOR OPENED UNDER:

CASEY: Let's get into the house...and both of you tie one of these over your face while we're walking toward the door.

TUCKER: What's them?

CASEY: Gauze surgical masks. I had an analysis made of the dust that lies so thick in that house, Constable— none of us are going to breathe it tonight. It was the dust, not any ghost, that killed that hobo and nearly knocked off Ann and me.

ANN: The doctor said he'd been strangled...that we'd been—

CASEY: But not strangled by hands. Put on these masks.

ANN: Okay...but I wish you'd tell me— (GASPS) Casey!!

TUCKER: Behind them windows—!!

ANN: (TERRIFIED) The Shining Man— walking behind these windows... just as he did that other night!

CASEY: (CALMLY) It <u>is</u> our old pal, the "Glowing Ghost."

ANN: You can't explain him away with- with DUST...or the shining face we saw inside!

CASEY: Twenty to one I'll explain a good part of them both that way.

TUCKER: I can't see—

CASEY: Get up on this porch...and watch the rotten boards.

SOUND: WOODEN VERANDA EFFECT AS BEFORE...THEN FOOTSTEPS ON BARE FLOOR

ANN: You seem so positive—

CASEY: (GENTLY) I am positive, Ann...trust me.

ANN: Okay, Casey.

CASEY: Come on through the door. All three of us have flashlights tonight, Annie, so things ought to look bright and cheerful to you here. We'll go directly to that room where we found the dead man and—

ANN: The door is closed again.

CASEY: There's a current of air here that slams it shut.

ANN: (LOW) Maybe it's not just a current of air—

SOUND: SLIGHT FORCE APPLIED TO CREAKING DOOR, WHICH OPENS

CASEY: I've got it open. Turn off your flashlights and come in.

TUCKER: Turn off—??

CASEY: For just a few seconds. (SLIGHT PAUSE) Okay...come on.

ANN: (GASPS) BUT SHE IS GROWING MORE CONFIDENT)

TUCKER: That light on the ceilin'—!!

ANN: It's the shining face!

CASEY: (QUICKLY) It's not a face, Ann!— look what happens when I turn my flashlight on it!

TUCKER: It's gone!!

ANN: There's just a- a <u>stain</u> on the ceiling where it was!

CASEY: A stain the size of a man's head...and dark spots on it suggest a nose and mouth ~~and eyes~~! I'll switch my light off so we'll be completey in the dark as we were when you dropped the only light we had last week! Now look—!

TUCKER: The face again!

ANN: Growing larger...coming closer—

CASEY: Sure...it seems to enlarge and to approach as our eyes get used to its glow and the darkness around it.

ANN: It's merely— an optical illusion.

CASEY: That's it.

TUCKER: But what makes it glow? Has someone painted that thing there with the radium stuff they use on clocks and watches?

CASEY: No,it isn't luminous paint...and no one painted it there anymore than they painted the walking "ghost" upstairs.

ANN: Casey— you're not proving all this tonight for the first time, as you let us believe...you've been putting something over.

CASEY: Okay,Ann...I drove out to this house alone two nights ago.

ANN: You promised me you wouldn't—!

TUCKER: You promised Doc and me that,too!

CASEY: I couldn't bring you here without testing out my hunches about this joint,could I?? If I'd been wrong,I'd have looked like a dope!

ANN: (DRYLY) Also,you wanted to take any risks there might be by yourself.

CASEY: There weren't any risks!

ANN: Oh,no!— we almost died here once...and if you hadn't guessed right this time—

CASEY: I did my guessing with some first-class assistance— a guy who's got more letters after his name than there are in Betty Grable's fan mail. Come on upstairs and I'll show you the Glowing Ghost that walks.

SOUND: SHORT WALK ACROSS FLOOR,THEN UP BARE WOODEN STAIRS— UNDER:

TUCKER: I've been upstairs in this house,Mr.Casey,and I never saw anything that could cause—

CASEY: You weren't as anxious to find it as I was, Constable...I was sore at this phoney ghost. The thing appears behind a dormer wi window directly above the room we just left— but up here you've got to look for that window.

TUCKER: Say— it should be where that blank wall is!

CASEY: It is...but behind the wall.

ANN: A secret room??

CASEY: That's what it amounts to, Ann...though I think it was never intended for more than a cubby-hole for storage— and used for just that.

SOUND: CREAKING PANEL SLIDES UNDER:

CASEY: This panel in the wall slides back and— there's your "Glowing Ghost".

ANN: Where?

CASEY: Standing against the far wall.

ANN: I dont see anything there but a very old fashioned dressmaker's dummy— all covered with slimy green mould.

CASEY: Switch your flashlights off.

TUCKER: The thing's all shiney now!

ANN: Like the "face" downstairs!

CASEY: From a distance— from the road outside, it could look like a shining man.

ANN: Ye-es.

CASEY: The green mould you noticed on that dummy, Ann, is the same stuff that makes the "face" glow downstairs...it's luminous fungi.

ANN: Luminous fungi?

CASEY: Yeah. The guy who analyzed the dust from this house for me is an expert on fungi. He once happened to tell me how many varieties of the mouldy stuff are luminous, especially in wet

(CONT'D)

CASEY: (cont'd) weather; and some of em are poisonous, too. For some reason, it stuck in my head and put me on the right track about this thing. The type of fungi here not only shines in the dark, when it's damp; it also kills you if you get enough of it in your system...and the dust we were breathing the other night is its spores— they're the germs of the fungi; its seeds.

ANN: The "face" on the ceiling below—?

CASEY: There's a leak in the roof of this cubby-hole— See the rain dripping through? It seeps through the floor here, stains the plaster underneath, and forms a wet paste to hold the luminous fungi spores.

ANN: I see.

TUCKER: There's something I dont see! That dummy cant move, Mr. Casey... its jest standin' there in one spot, yet from outside—

ANN: It seemed to walk from one side of the window to the other! And, Casey— it's against the wall on the same side as the window ...it cant be seen from outside at all.

CASEY: (CHUCKLES) I guess you haven't noticed this old cracked looking glass.

ANN: It faces the window and reflects the dummy!

CASEY: Uh huh...and the mirror is attached to its frame by pivots and lying on its side— when a breeze comes through the broken window and hits it right—

ANN: The mirror swings on its pivots—

CASEY: And the figure it reflects swings with it...from outside, it seems— the ghost walks.

TUCKER: Well—! (SLIGHT PAUSE) I guess you've explained <u>everything</u> young feller.

CASEY: (GLUMLY, SHORTLY) I've simply explained all that I can.

ANN: You mean there's something else—?

CASEY: Just a little detail we'll forget about,Ann. Let's get out of here now...this place gives me the creeps.

SOUND: DISTANT,OMINOUS RUMBLE OF THUNDER

MUSIC: BRIDGE

SOUND: BARROOM EFFECTS,PIANO BEHIND— BOTH VERY SUBDUED...HOLD UNDER.

ETH: Casey,I'm awful glad you didn't run up against a sure-enough ghost,but I'm kinda disappointed...when you explain a haunted house so completely,you ruin a good story.

CASEY: (QUIETLY,RATHER WORRIED) I'll tell you something I cant explain,Ethelbert...off the record.

ETH: Okay. What?

CASEY: The particular type of luminous,poisonous fungi in that house cant be found anywhere else in this part of the country. Why was it there?

ETH: I dont know.

CASEY: Neither does a big scientist,who knows the stuff as you know those bottles back of you. (SLIGHT PAUSE) Somehow,it got into the house after a guy named Ike Miller put a curse on the place— 75 years ago...and no one was able to live there after he cursed it.

ETH: Now you've cleared up the big part of the myst'ry,someone'll prob'ly fumigate the joint and live in it.

CASEY: No,Ethelbert...a few minutes after we left that house last night,lightning struck it— it burned to the ground.

ETH: Hmm. (PAUSE) Have another drink?

CASEY: Yeah.

MUSIC: UP FOR FINISH

- THE END -

by: Alonzo Deen Cole